



Macbeth 1.5

Inverness. Macbeth's castle.
Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

LADY MACBETH: Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

MACBETH: My dearest love,
Duncan comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH: And when goes hence?

MACBETH: Tomorrow, as he purposes.

LADY MACBETH: O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my Thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like th'innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

MACBETH: We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH: Only look up clear.
To alter favor ever is to fear.
Leave all the rest to me.



Macbeth 1.7

MACBETH: We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honor'd me of late, and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

LADY MACBETH: Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valor
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' th' adage?

MACBETH: Prithee, peace.
I dare do all that may become a man.
Who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH: What beast was't then
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man,
And to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man.

MACBETH: If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH: We fail?
But screw your courage to the sticking-place
And we'll not fail.

MACBETH: I am settled and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show.
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.



Macbeth 2.2

MACBETH: I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

LADY MACBETH: I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

MACBETH: This is a sorry sight. [Looks on his hands.]

LADY MACBETH: A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH: There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried "Murder!"
That they did wake each other. I stood and heard them.
But they did say their prayers and address'd them
Again to sleep.

LADY MACBETH: There are two lodged together.

MACBETH: One cried "God bless us" and "Amen" the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,
List'ning their fear. I could not say "Amen"
When they did say, "God bless us!"

LADY MACBETH: Consider it not so deeply.

MACBETH: But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.

LADY MACBETH: These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

MACBETH: Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep"-the innocent sleep...
Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the house.
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more. Macbeth shall sleep no more."

LADY MACBETH: Go get some water
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.

MACBETH: I'll go no more.
I am afraid to think what I have done.
Look on't again I dare not.
To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking. I would thou couldst!



Macbeth 3.2

LADY MACBETH: How now, my lord, why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard. What's done is done.

MACBETH: We have scorched the snake, not kill'd it.
She'll close and be herself whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.

LADY MACBETH: Come on, gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks. Be bright and jovial
Among your guests tonight.

MACBETH: So shall I, love,
And so I pray be you. Let your remembrance
Apply to Banquo; present him eminence
Both with eye and tongue: unsafe the while that we
Must lave our honors in these flattering streams
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

LADY MACBETH: You must leave this.

MACBETH: O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

LADY MACBETH: But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

MACBETH: There's comfort yet; they are assailable.
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.



Macbeth 3.4

LADY MACBETH: My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis amaking,
'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it. [The Ghost of Banquo enters and sits in Macbeth's place.]

MACBETH: Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digestion wait on appetite
And health on both!
Here had we now our country's honor roof'd,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present,
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance! [seeing the ghost] The table's full.
Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

LADY MACBETH: Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat.
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him
You shall offend him and extend his passion.
Feed and regard him not. [Drawing Macbeth aside] Are you a man?

MACBETH: Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the devil.

LADY MACBETH: O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear.
This is the air-drawn dagger which you said
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

MACBETH: Prithee, see there! Behold! Look! Lo, how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [Exit Ghost.]

LADY MACBETH: What, quite unmann'd in folly?

MACBETH: If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY MACBETH: Fie, for shame!

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